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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. IV. - No. 95.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 26th APRIL, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.  
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 6d. 6d.



DUNCAN MCINTYRE, Esq.,  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE COMPANY, DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, ETC.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



# The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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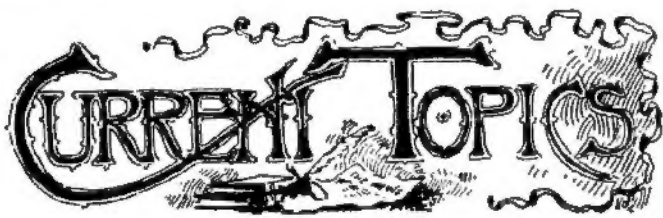
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London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,  
3 & 4 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, E.C.  
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

26th APRIL, 1890.



In a letter to the *London Times*, Major-General Dashwood sets forth the case of Newfoundland in the present phase of the "French Shore" controversy concisely and clearly. He accepts the conclusion, already reached by the *Times*, that the erection of lobster factories cannot possibly be covered by "stages made of boards usual and necessary for drying of fish," as the privileges of the French fisherman are worded in the treaty. But by the *modus vivendi* factories now erected by either nation are allowed to be still carried on, while the English, as well as the French, are forbidden to put up new ones without the consent of both the French and English naval commanders. "This," says General Dashwood, "amounts to our granting the French a concurrent right to carry on such a fishery, and is a decided giving in to the French without any adequate concession on their part. It goes without saying that the French will now agree to any increase of factories on the part of the British, and all that we can do is likewise to refuse any extension to the French." And then he adds: "If Newfoundland were to join the Dominion of Canada she would no longer be in the position she now occupies—a position which allows her to be bullied and her interests sacrificed by the British Government." That is what we have already urged, and what the *Times*, which, while deprecating foolish appeals to the United States, sympathizes strongly with the harassed colonists, advises the Newfoundlanders to do.

In our last issue we gave views of the great elevator at Fort William and of Kakabeka Falls. It is generally taken for granted that the region of which the shores of Thunder Bay form the picturesque foreground is of interest mainly for its scenery. This, however, is a mistake due to the long isolation of the country to the north and west of Lake Superior from the rest of Canada. Until within the last few years it was even to many fairly well informed persons a *terra ignota*. The opening up of the railway has gone far in dispelling ancient prejudices. It has long been known to our mineralogists that copper, lead, silver and even gold existed in paying quantities between Rainy Lake, Lake Nepigon and Superior, while iron and zinc have been found along the northern shores of the last mentioned, between the Pic River and Sault Ste. Marie. The district, of which Port Arthur is the metropolis, has been shown by the last annual report of the Board of Trade of that rising entrepot to be one of the richest in Canada in natural advantages. A section of some 1,250 square miles is known to yield silver ore; nickel has been discovered at Schreiber, some 130 miles

east of Port Arthur, and if we extend the range to the points already indicated, there is practically no limit to the possibilities of mineral wealth. Hitherto the smelting has been done in the United States, so that Canada has reaped little profit from these discoveries, but as Port Arthur's enterprise increases we may look for a development more beneficial to our own people. A beginning has been made in an iron-bearing district on the Atikokan river, of which we are sure to hear more before long. Nor is it the mineral wealth alone of this long neglected region that gives assurance of a prosperous future. It is not lacking in agricultural capabilities, while its fisheries (those of Lake Nepigon especially) only await a suitable market. As our readers are aware, it is a paradise to the sportsman.

On the 17th inst. the Hon. John Carling was waited upon by a deputation consisting of a number of prominent gentlemen interested in the improvement of Canadian horses, who urged upon the Minister of Agriculture the advisability of placing thoroughbred horses on the experimental farms as a measure likely to yield good results. Mr. Bryson, who introduced the deputation, laid before Mr. Carling the pressing need that existed for more systematic efforts towards the attainment of the end in view, many of the horses in use being of inferior quality, serviceable for neither draught nor carriage purposes. The Hon. Louis Beaubien gave some interesting particulars as to the movement which he had started for the organization of a *haras* on the French plan, and invited Mr. Carling to be present on the 3rd of May at the inauguration of his establishment at Outremont. His company has already imported 46 choice stallions, which were offered to the farmers of this province at easy terms. This subject is dealt with in the last report of the High Commissioner as one of unusual importance. During the past year, according to Mr. Dyke, the Dominion agent at Liverpool, a large number of Canadians visited England to purchase horses, and some of them secured stallions of the Clydesdale, Shire and Hackney varieties. Mr. Beaubien obtains his stallions mostly from France, where he has agents constantly on the watch for animals especially suitable for Canadian needs. Mr. Dyke visited the Toronto show with some of the best judges of horseflesh in Great Britain, and his friends were of opinion that no finer lot of draught horses could be placed on view in any part of Europe, with the exception of the Royal, the Glasgow and the Highland shows. There was still, however, much room for improvement with respect to saddle and harness horses; but as the press had discussed, and horse owners had expressed their sense of, the defect, he had no doubt that the desired change in this direction also would soon come to pass. Mr. Dyke calls attention to the benefit that had resulted from the establishment of *haras* by the French Department of Agriculture—the very system which Mr. Beaubien had given a footing in this province. The action of the British Government in offering prizes for thoroughbreds had also had a marked effect in stimulating efforts to improve the breed of horses.

Sir Charles Tupper expresses much satisfaction with the condition of the foreign colonies established within the last few years in the North-West. He regards this immigration as valuable testimony to the good results of the efforts that the Dominion Government has been putting forth to popularize the Canadian West on the continent of Europe, and hopes that the current which has set in will

continue in unretarded motion in the same direction. These colonies are five Scandinavian settlements, near Carberry, near East Selkirk, Oak Lake, Heming and Whitehead, on the line of the Canadian Pacific, and one, of the same nationality, near Minnedosa, along the Manitoba and North-West Railway; four German colonies, near Grenfell, Balgonie, Dunmore and Regina, on the line of the C.P.R., and three, near Langenburg, on the M. and N.W. Railway; one Hungarian, on each line, near Whitewood and Neepawa, respectively; one Roumanian, near Balgonie, on the C.P.R.; one Jewish, near Wapella, C.P.R.; four Icelandic, on the C.P.R., near Glenboro, Selkirk, Calgary and Carberry, and one on the M. and N. W., near Birtle. "From personal investigation of some of these foreign colonies," writes the High Commissioner, "made at my request, and from information acquired from reliable sources in regard to others, I am satisfied that these foreign settlements are among the most prosperous communities in Manitoba and the North-West. The settlers, as a rule, start with little capital; but they are so thrifty in their habits so accustomed to hard work and to take advantage of every opportunity that offers of obtaining money that they have developed their farms in a manner most surprising, and that would hardly be believed except as the result of personal investigation. They have all good houses, a considerable extent of land under cultivation, have been most successful with their stock, and, as a rule, are most highly spoken of by every one who comes in contact with them." There is certainly room for as many of them as choose to come.

Sir Charles Tupper comments in his report on the objection in certain quarters to immigration and to any outlay in connection with it. The knowledge in the United Kingdom that such a feeling exists has, he adds, hindered the efforts of himself and his coadjutors to secure for Canada the classes of people that it really needs for the development of its unoccupied lands. The High Commissioner then gives expression to a warning, the gravity of which cannot be over-estimated. He says that unless we can keep in touch with the emigration movement, for which a judicious, moderate expenditure is necessary, our immigration returns may show a more serious falling off than has yet been witnessed. It is clear that whatever opposition may have been declared to immigration has been misunderstood and exaggerated in the United Kingdom. The protests proceeded from the artisan and labouring class in the cities, and were directed against the flooding of our labour market by men who could only obtain employment at the expense of those already in the country. There were also remonstrances from charitable organizations against an influx of poor people who, when out of work, applied to them for help, and thus proved a drain on resources (never superfluous) which were intended for the poor we have always with us. It is a pity that these protests should have been sometimes expressed in language which gave the impression that Canada did not want immigrants. On that point the tone of the Western press and of the representatives of the North-West in the Senate and the House of Commons have left no room for doubt. Canada not only needs and invites immigration, but would be glad if the Government spent much more to promote it. The vitality, development and prosperity of the country depend on the manner in which the work is prosecuted, and those who are most interested in the welfare and progress of the



North-West have been the most earnest in urging on the Government a generous and energetic policy adapted to our circumstances and needs.

A work is now in progress at Port Arthur which, when completed, will have converted what was formerly an open, exposed and dangerous roadstead into a safe and commodious harbour, without rival on Lake Superior. This important entrepot, once known as Prince Arthur's Landing, was the starting point, beyond the lakes, of the old land-and-water route to the North-West. It received its earlier name from Col. (now General Lord) Wolseley when, in 1870, the Imperial and Canadian troops landed there on their way to Fort Garry to suppress the first Riel rebellion. Its commercial importance and shipping faculties have been greatly increased since the incorporation of the River Kaministiquia with its harbour. To protect the wharves it was necessary to construct a breakwater, the first length of which (2,000 feet) was begun in 1884 and finished in February, 1886. A year later a further length of 1,600 feet was commenced, and this was completed in November, 1888. Its strength was, moreover, increased by the erection of a talus of stone against the outside of the work, the resisting power of which has been fully tested by the furious storms that have taken place during the last eighteen months. Westward of the work already completed, a further length of breakwater of 1,500 feet was begun in May last, and it was also decided to extend the talus of stone along the length first built, so as to withstand the eroding action of the water under heavy gales. The breakwater so far has admirably served the purpose for which it was constructed, having withstood the force of breaking seas driven by gales moving at the rate of 54 miles an hour, as well as ice shoves of tremendous volume and violence. The depth at low water in the central opening is 18 feet. At the north-east opening, which is 250 feet wide between the end of the breakwater and the C.P.R. elevator wharf, the depth is 17 feet. When the length of 1,500 feet now being constructed, which will have block piers at each end, has been completed, there will be a depth of 17 feet at the western end, with ample room for steamers and vessels to pass.

#### OUR EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

No movement of our time has been more fruitful of good than the establishment of experimental farms. There are now in operation in Canada, besides the Central Farm at Ottawa, the branch farms at Nappan, N.S., at Brandon, Man., at Indian Head, N.W.T., and at Agassiz, B.C. The Central Experimental Farm was opened in the spring of 1877; in the spring of 1888 the Nappan and Indian Head farms began work, and in the summer of 1888 the farm at Brandon, and in August, 1889, the farm at Agassiz were duly organized, and since this last date all these establishments have been fulfilling their important tasks. The Government was fortunate in securing Mr. William Saunders, F.L.S., as director of the Central Farm, who has been ably supported by Messrs. Fletcher, Shutt, Hilborn and Gilbert. Messrs. W. M. Blair, S. A. Bedford, Angus Mackay and Thos. A. Sharpe have charge of the farms at Nappan, Brandon, Indian Head and Agassiz, respectively. The work at the Ottawa Central Farm is of a comprehensive character, covering the vast and varied field implied by its name. In its organization Mr.

Saunders availed himself of the experience gained in a number of years by like institutions in Europe and on the continent, adapting his arrangements, however, to our peculiar conditions and needs. All that relates to agriculture, forestry, stock and the economy of the farm is under his own immediate supervision. The testing of seeds, the examination and comparison of the various grains, the ascertainment of the best breeds of cattle, the conducting of experiments with wheat, oats, barley, vegetables, forest trees, and the distribution of samples, the keeping abreast with the needs, faults and progress of the agricultural class, and the supply of timely information, with occasional visits to such parts of the country as may most require counsel and encouragement—these are some of the arduous duties that Mr. Saunders has to discharge. Mr. Fletcher has charge of the department of botany and entomology, studying especially the insect enemies of the farmers' crops and the means by which they can be evaded or exterminated. The chemist, Mr. Shutt, is engaged on the analysis of soils, of water, of vegetables (as sugar beets), of manures, or of any substance, the constituents of which it may be desirable to ascertain, in its relations with agriculture. Mr. Gilbert has charge of the poultry department, and the horticulturist attends to the duties which that name implies. The work of the past year in all these departments of the Central Farm has been most useful, and the experiments have been for the most part both interesting and of practical value. The testing of seeds has been attended with results largely beneficial to the farmer, the timely information as to the vitality of frozen grain, especially, having doubtless saved many from disappointment. The entire number of seed tests was 933. The average vitality was 78 per cent. The distribution of Ladoga wheat through the local governments, which purchased it from the Central Farm authorities, has been generally received with favour. Of 142 reports sent back 137 were satisfactory. Danish Chevalier and other barleys, various kinds of oats, and tree seeds were also distributed. The experiments conducted on the farm covered a large range—grains, corn, roots, vegetables, grasses, sugar beets, fodder plants of new varieties, seed grain from India and a large number of forest trees.

The report of the chemist and entomologist contain much that is of scientific as well as practical interest. That devastating plague, the Hessian fly, has been found in specimens of destructive insects sent from Thornbury, Ont., and Prince Edward Island. Mr. Fletcher publishes remedies. He also answers inquiries regarding the grain aphid, the wheatstem maggot, and he gives lists illustrating the greater or less freedom of certain grains from these vermin. Cutworms, the flea beetle, the flower-moth, the granary weevil, the grape "black knot," and other insects are also treated at some length.

The progress made in the horticultural department was satisfactory, few of the fruit trees being injured. Mr. Gilbert's report shows a good deal of fairly successful experimentation, his crosses being, in many instances, gratifying. No cross, however, rivalled the pure Plymouth Rock, the nearest approach to it being the Plymouth Rock-Brahma. The eggs of some of the crosses were unusually large, those of the Brahma-Minorca pullets weighing one pound fourteen ounces the dozen, thus exceeding the eggs of the Brahma and of the Minorca.

The reports of the branch farms show some good work accomplished. The year was a good one for farming at Nappan, and Mr. Blair's operations seem to have covered the whole field. During the early summer some of the grain turned yellow, but whether through the presence of the Aphis in the stalks he could not determine. Eighty varieties of wheat, sixty of oats, eleven of corn, several of buckwheat, over a hundred of potatoes and various kinds of vegetables were planted. His fruit trees, generally, did well. On the whole, there has been no reason to complain of the interest manifested by the farmers of the Maritime Provinces in the work of the farm. The farm at Brandon has begun to serve its purpose as a training school, distributing centre and source of information for the farmers of Manitoba, and the establishment at Indian Head is no less prized in the Territories. Both these points are well situated for the objects in view. The character of the Brandon district has already been described in this journal—one issue of which was devoted to it—and the neighbourhood of Indian Head to the famous Bell Farm is enough to show its fitness for the site of such an institution. It is satisfactory to learn that attention is being earnestly given to the development of suitable trees in the North-West. The maple avenues and other plantations of forest trees at Brandon are doing well; and at Indian Head, in addition to trees of that kind, a number of Russian apples—such as Mr. Gibb first made known in this Province—have been obtained from the farm of Prof. Budd, of Ames, Iowa, who was Mr. Gibb's companion on his patriotic voyage. Pears, plums, and cherries of like origin have been secured from the same source, as well as a fine collection from Fonthill, Ont. A selection was also made from the hardiest fruit trees of the Eastern Provinces, comprising gooseberries, currants, raspberries, etc., as well as the larger kinds. Of deciduous trees, Manitoba maples, white elm, rock elm, white and green ash, mountain ash, yellow birch, Russian mulberry, Norway maple, black ash and other varieties, and of evergreens, Riga and Scotch pine, white spruce, etc., and ornamental shrubs, like Siberian pea, Russian olive and varieties of lilac and barberry have been introduced, with fair success or promise of success. Agassiz, the site of the British Columbian farm, is the C. P. R. station for the provincially famous Harrison Springs, on the lake of the same name. The work has been well begun there, as at the other farms, and, though it is as yet but partially equipped, there is no reason to fear its ultimate success. About 7,000 young forest trees, mostly valuable hard woods, were forwarded last year in order to test their usefulness in a province where hard woods are wanting. The report of Mr. Saunders is enthusiastic about the exhibition of the province at New Westminster, and of the Agricultural Association at Ashcroft, the displays of fruit, etc., on both occasions being a sight to do one good. On the whole, it is evident that in these experimental farms the Government has undertaken a work that is sure to yield rich returns in a near future—a work on which all who rejoice in Canada's progress are justified in congratulating themselves.

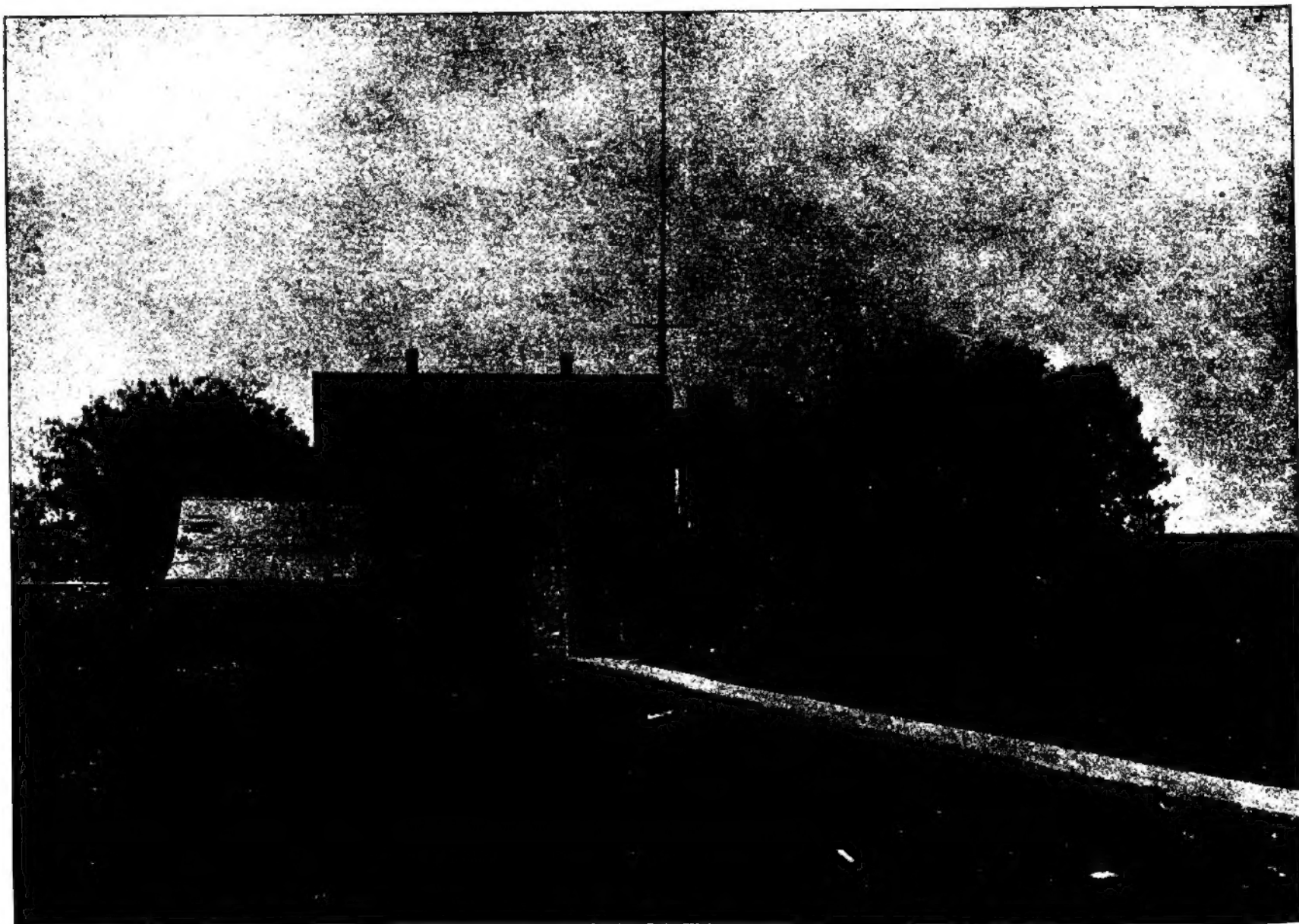
From the Egyptian manuscripts owned by the Austrian Archduke Rainer it appears that printing with movable types was practised in Egypt in the ninth century of our era, and that a paper factory existed in Bagdad as early as 794.



THE LATE HON. CHARLES ALLEYN, SHERIFF OF QUEBEC.  
(Livernois, photo.)



THE LATE HON. HUGH MACKAY.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE LAST OF FORT GARRY, WINNIPEG, MAN.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)





THE LATE JOHN PRESCOTT MOTT,  
OF HALIFAX, N.S.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE HON. CHARLES YOUNG, LL.D.,  
SURROGATE AND JUDGE OF PROBATE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.  
(G. H. Cooke & Co., photo.)



LAKE OPENECON, OF THE RIDEAU CHAIN OF LAKES.  
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



## OUR ENGRAVINGS

**DUNCAN MCINTYRE, ESQ.**—This portrait will be recognized by many of our readers as that of a gentleman who has a prominent share in the organization and carrying out of one of the grandest enterprises of our day and country. Scotch, of good old Celtic stock, Mr. McIntyre came to Canada in 1849, and quickly obtained employment as a clerk with the mercantile firm of Stuart and McIntyre. His duties took him frequently from home, and he had many opportunities of observing the great natural advantages of the Ottawa Valley and other parts of the country. This minute topographical knowledge, to which he never lost a chance of adding, as occasion led him to new districts, was of considerable use to him afterwards when he engaged in railroad undertakings. His business career was unusually successful. After some years he became a partner in the firm of Stuart and McIntyre, and when, in the course of time, the other members retired, he found the entire establishment in his own hands. The Canada Central was the first railway with which he became associated, and no one interested in its fortunes had a firmer faith than he had in the future that awaited it. He was chosen one of the directors, and, in conjunction with Mr. Foster, the president, eagerly embarked in the scheme for the extension of the line. On this occasion, he showed his confidence in the stability of the enterprise by taking a share in the contract for the construction of the continuation. Ultimately he became president and virtually owner of the Canada Central. But the great work with which his name, along with the names of Sir George Stephen, Sir Donald A. Smith and Mr. R. B. Angus, all, like himself, of Scotch birth or lineage, has for years been honourably identified, is the Canadian Pacific Railway. The story of the events that led up to and the negotiations that preceded the initiation of the project has been often told. It was not till 1880, when over 700 miles had been constructed, that Mr. McIntyre and his colleagues put their hands to it. After repeated attempts to win the sympathy and aid of capitalists, the famous Syndicate was finally formed, and from that moment the success of the enterprise was assured. Under the energetic administration of Mr. McIntyre and his colleagues Canada was endowed, long before the date fixed upon by the agreement, with a transcontinental line which, in all that constitutes excellence in equipment and management, has no superior in the world. Mr. McIntyre was recently elected to the Presidency of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Andrew Robertson.

**THE LATE HON. HUGH MACKAY.**—We present our readers in this issue with the portrait of a worthy member of a worthy family, whose death at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri, on the 2nd inst., was learned with regret by his many friends in this city and elsewhere. Mr. Mackay, who was in his 57th year at the time of his death, was born at Caithness, Scotland, and came to this city about forty years ago. He was admitted a partner in his uncles' business about 1856, and on their retirement became the head of the firm of Mackay Brothers in 1876. The deceased had been in poor health for many years, and had gone west to Colorado last November, but, being advised to leave that State, was on his way to Georgia, when he was taken ill at St. Louis, where he died. Mr. Mackay had been vice-president of the St. Andrew's Society, a director of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company, and one of the founders and a director of the Bell Telephone Company, and was at the time of his death president of the Mackay Institution for Deaf Mutes, and also held several other public positions. He was a Liberal in politics, and was made a member of the Legislative Council in 1888, but resigned, his health not permitting him to take an active part in the work of legislation. He was a prominent member of Crescent street Presbyterian Church, and by that congregation he will be greatly missed. The deceased, who was unmarried, was well known to all business men in the Dominion, the firm having been established by Messrs. Joseph and Edward Mackay before 1840. He was a most careful, energetic, recognized business man of probity and uprightness, and his loss will be felt, not only by the mercantile community, but also by a large number of useful institutions with which he was connected and which he most generously supported. Mr. Mackay's remains having been brought to this city, the funeral took place from his late residence, Kildonan Hall, Sherbrooke street, on the 7th inst., and was attended by an extremely large representation

of the professional and business community. On the Sunday following, April 13, the Rev. Dr. Mackay, of Crescent street Church, preached a sermon on Mr. Mackay's successful career and the exemplary qualities to which it was so largely due. He also gave some interesting particulars as to his ancestors, and especially his maternal grandfather, William Mackay, of Ascaig, whose merits are dwelt on with admiring fervour in the "Memorabilia Domestica" of the late Rev. Donald Sage, M.A. "How fruitful," said the reverend preacher,—"how fruitful and far reaching is the Christian work done in a Christian home! There is nothing on earth to equal it and nothing can take its place. \* \* The seeds of piety sown in that home at Strathnaver have yielded a rich harvest in distant Canada. \* \* But, though abundant in good works, Hugh Mackay was not one who sounded his own trumpet, and often his left hand forgot what his right hand did."

**THE LATE HON. CHARLES ALLEYN, Q.C., SHERIFF OF QUEBEC, ETC.**—To many of our readers this portrait will recall a long familiar figure. The Hon. Charles Allyn had been associated with the political, professional and social life of this province for more than half a century. He was the son of the late Commander Allyn, R.N., who served with distinction under some of England's greatest sea captains, until he was invalided in 1814. In 1835 Commander Allyn accepted the position of Deputy Master of the Trinity House, Quebec, which he held till his death. His son Charles was born at Myrus Wood, County Cork, Ireland, in September, 1817, and was educated in Fermoy at a school founded by the Rev. Dr. Hincks, father of the late Sir Francis Hincks, the Canadian statesman. After some years at Clongowes College, he came to Canada with



RESIDENCE OF THE HON. CHARLES YOUNG, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

his family in 1834, and settled at Quebec, where, except when called away by official duties, he ever after resided. In 1840 he was called to the Bar and practised until he was invited to a seat in the cabinet. In 1854 he was elected Mayor of Quebec, and in the same year was returned to the Legislature of United Canada, and for many years was one of Quebec's representatives. In 1857 he was appointed Queen's Counsel, and in the same year became Commissioner of Public Works in the Macdonald ministry. In the following year he took the portfolio of Provincial Secretary, which he retained for a number of years. He has been long familiar to Quebecers as the Sheriff of that district. By a singular coincidence Sheriff Allyn and the late regretted Sheriff of Montreal, the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, passed away in the old city where they had both lived so long within a few days of each other. In 1849 the Hon. C. Allyn married Miss Aubert de Gaspé, daughter of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, Esq., of St. John Port Joli, by whom he leaves a family to lament his loss.

**THE HON. CHARLES YOUNG, LL.D., Q.C., SUCROGATE AND JUDGE OF PROBATE, ETC.**—In this issue we present our readers with a portrait of the Hon. Judge Charles Young, and also of his beautiful residence in Prince Edward Island. Judge Young is the youngest son of the late Hon. John Young, the well-known author of the letters of "Agricola," who for many years occupied a seat in the Nova Scotia Assembly, by Agnes, daughter of George Kenny, Esq., of Falkirk, Scotland. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, April, 1812, and was educated at Dalhousie College, Halifax. He married Lucretia, daughter of John Starr, Esq. He studied law with Sir William Young, in Halifax, and was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia in 1838, and to that of Prince Edward Island in the same year. He practised for a short time in partnership with his brothers, the present Sir William Young, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, and the late Hon. G. R. Young. He was created a Q.C. (the first appointed in P.E.I.) on

the 23rd of November, 1847. He was Attorney-General of Prince Edward Island from the 29th of May, 1851, to the 2nd of May, 1853, and from the 29th of June, 1858, to the 11th of April, 1859, and Administrator of the Government from the 26th of May to the 7th of June, 1859. He was offered the honour of knighthood in 1858, but declined. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Newton University. He was appointed Judge of Probate in 1852, and Judge in Bankruptcy in 1868, and was returned for Queen's to the Island Assembly in April, 1840, and in December of the same year was appointed to the Legislative Council, where he sat until 1863, during the last ten years of which service he was president of that body. Judge Young was the first to advocate responsible government in the Island, and was, with others, instrumental in having it established in 1851, together with free schools, freehold lands for the tenantry, savings banks, and other reform measures.

**THE LATE JOHN PRESIDENT MOTT, ESQ.**—This gentleman, whose portrait we present to our readers, was the eldest son of Henry Yeomans and Elizabeth Mott. He was born at Preston, in the County of Halifax and Province of Nova Scotia, on the 8th day of October, 1820. In addition to the primary education obtainable at that early period in the country districts, Mr. Mott studied for some years at the Baptist Academy, Wolfville. When about fourteen or fifteen years of age his uncle, Mr. Walter Baker, who resided in Dorchester, just out of Boston, sent for him, received him as a member of his family and provided not only for the completion of his education, but instructed him in and brought him up to his own business, which was that of a chocolate manufacturer, etc. When Mr. Mott had mastered the business in all its details, Mr. Baker, anxious to secure his further services, offered him a share in the business as an inducement for him to remain with him, but he, either not satisfied with the terms or unwilling to expatriate himself from his native province, declined the offer, and returned to Nova Scotia, starting in connection with his father in Dartmouth a chocolate manufactory and the grinding of spices, etc. After a continuance of some ten or twelve years, this partnership was dissolved, his father and his other brothers continuing the business in the old premises, while Mr. John Mott started out for himself in the same line in another part of Dartmouth. It was by judicious speculations during the war between the North and South that he laid the foundation of his fortune. He was a shrewd, active, sagacious and far-seeing business man, who laid his plans well, carefully and prudently, and whose speculations in consequence seldom turned out otherwise; and, though keen at a bargain, he was withal a man of the strictest integrity, one with whom one liked to do business and whose word no one ever doubted or questioned. In addition to the efficient prosecution of his legitimate business, he engaged largely in shipping, and in other provincial enterprises, which proved eminently successful and remunerative, and at the time of his death he was president of a large iron manufacturing company, carrying on business in New Glasgow. His chief and largest investments were made in the United States, and by a careful study of the stock list, he knew when to buy in and sell out to the best advantage. He was the owner of a large amount of paying railroad stock in the neighbouring Republic. Mr. Mott owned and occupied Hazelhurst, a large and beautiful property in Dartmouth. The grounds were laid out by him so artistically and beautifully that it soon took first rank as a show place, thus proving that mercantile pursuits are not incompatible with the highest aesthetic tastes. The making of money was with Mr. Mott a passion that dominated him as law or physics absorbs the devotees who select those professions as avenues leading to fame and distinction. But the accumulation of wealth was only the means to an end. He did not seek it in order that he might hoard it up with miserly care, but rather that he might have the wherewithal to dispense to those in need. His public benefactions during his life were large and varied, and were not unfrequently spontaneous gifts, given before being asked. His disposition was so kindly that he could never bear to know any were in need without supplying their wants. His charities were unostentatious, and many were those who were relieved by his bounty, and never knew the one to whom they were indebted, and it might well be said of him that he did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame. He was married in the year 1848 to Isabelle Lawson, daughter of the late James Creighton, senior member of the firm of Creighton & Grassie, who at that time carried on an extensive mercantile business with the Mediterranean and other ports. Mr. Mott was an attendant at and supporter of the Episcopalian Church, and though not so profuse in his professions as some, yet, judged by his actions, his religion had the true ring that speaks out louder than any mere words.



His last illness was of short duration. He was prostrated by the prevailing epidemic, that which, at the close of the last and the commencement of the present year, was attended with fatal results to so many; and though he rallied from the first attack, yet going out too soon he suffered a relapse, to which he finally succumbed, and peacefully and quietly passed away on the 12th of February, 1890. The great esteem in which the deceased gentleman was held by all classes of the community was best attested by the concourse of persons from Halifax and Dartmouth who followed his remains to their quiet resting place in the Dartmouth cemetery, no less than by the large number who, on the days between his death and burial, poured into the house to take a last look at and bid farewell to one who was respected by all, and to many of whom he had proved himself a veritable friend in need. The hearse that bore to the grave all that was mortal of him was drawn by one of his own favourite horses, while the beautiful wreath of dark green ivy laid on the casket was a tribute from some of his many friends in Boston, in which city he was extensively known and which he frequently visited. Mr. Mott left a handsome estate, estimated at some \$700,000; and the same traits of character that had adorned his life were illustrated in the disposition that he made of this large fortune. None who had any claim to be remembered were forgotten, while his benefactions to the different charities and benevolent institutions were not limited by creed or sect. Besides legacies to his employees, he left provision for their comfort and support when they became incapacitated for work. Mr. Mott was very fond of all domestic animals, and perhaps his kindness and thoughtfulness was in nothing better exemplified than in the provision that he made in his will for the care of his dogs, and the instructions which he left in regard to his horses in their old age. Halifax has lost from her midst one who will be much missed, and whose memory will be long held in kindly remembrance, and whose place will not be soon or easily supplied. But though he has gone, the lesson of his life remains; and if from it the rising generation shall learn that pluck, self-reliance, patience, perseverance and a strict attention to business, coupled with unswerving integrity, without adventitious aids, can in this free and rising Dominion carve a road to fortune, he will not have lived in vain, while he has set to our moneyed men, who have made their fortune in the country, an example, which, in the disposition of their wealth, they will do well to emulate.—*Com.*

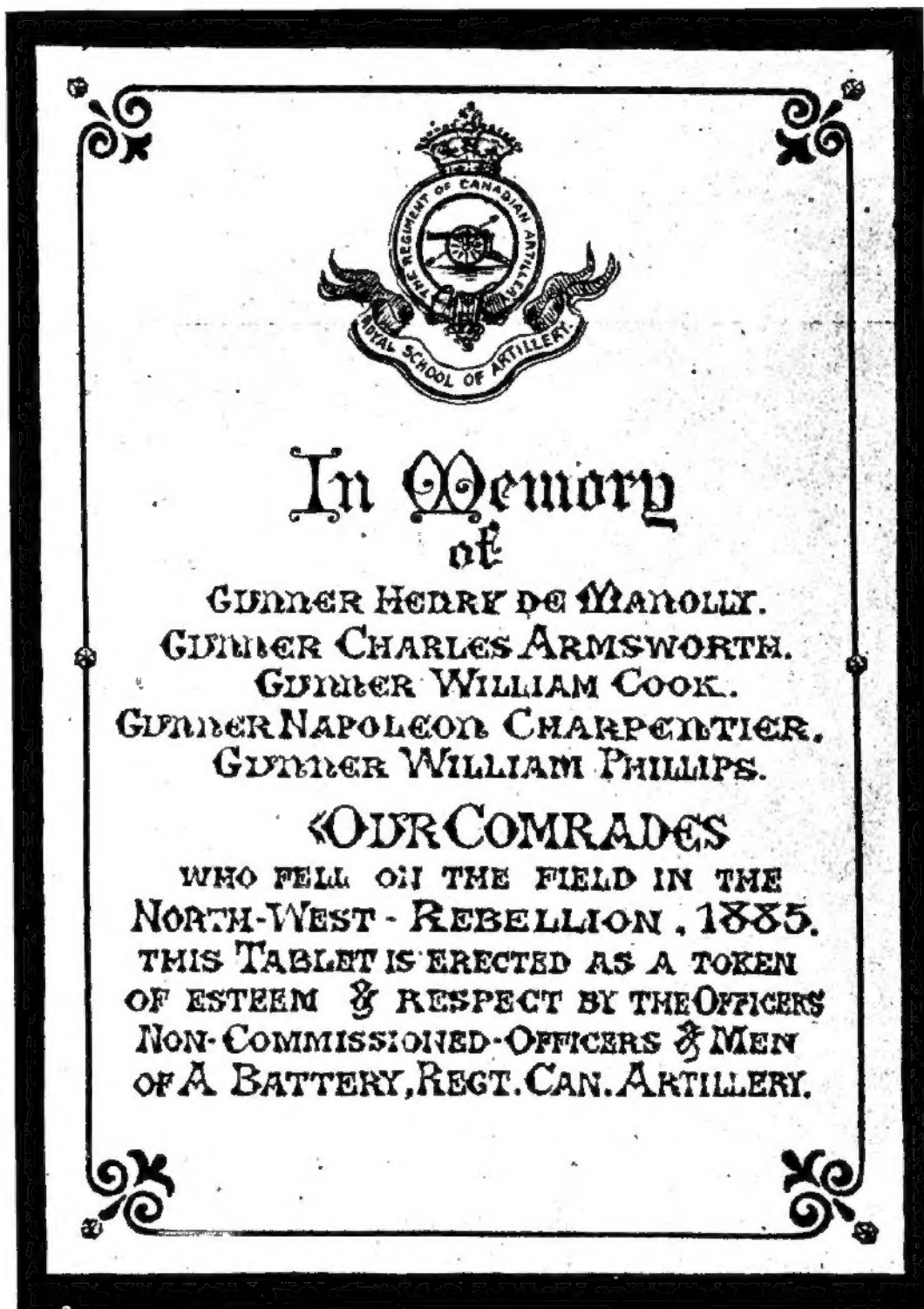
**TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR SHORT AND MEN OF A BATTERY.**—The brass tablets, reproduced in our engravings, are being erected by the officers and men of the Regiment of Canadian Artillery to the memory of some of their comrades who have passed away. The one to the late Major Short is being put up in the English Cathedral at Quebec; the other to those members of A Battery who fell in the North-West Rebellion of 1885, is being placed in St. George's Cathedral, at Kingston, by the officers and men of that Battery. The first named was executed by Messrs. Pritchard and Andrews, of Ottawa, and the latter by Mr. Bishop, of Montreal, and both are most excellent examples of what can be done in our own country in this particular line of art.

**THE LAST OF FORT GARRY.**—To Canadians this engraving gives some such impression as Turner's well known picture of the "Fighting Temeraire" awakens in the patriotic Englishman. The old fort has had its day—it is a day of joy and sorrow, of bold enterprise and wild rivalry, of storm and struggle, might we not almost say—of "battle, murder and sudden death." But a new order has succeeded the old dispensation of the fur kings. The years of canoeing and portages have been followed by the years of the railway and the steamboat. The little settlement, with its sturdy stronghold, an oasis in a "great lone land," has disappeared, and a thriving city, in communication, by many routes, with the mighty world beyond, has taken its place. Some of our

readers may remember the old fortress in its day of glory and power, when its high stone wall, seamed with cracks that told of service in past generations, fronted the newcomer. The whole enclosure formed a rectangle of five hundred and ten feet in breadth by six hundred feet long. A gateway opened in the middle of the wall facing the Assiniboine, through which the stranger caught a glimpse of a grass plot, with a two and a half storeyed house and stairs ascending from the exterior to the second storey. On each side were four wooden houses, some of them old logs axe-hewn; others, clapboarded. At each corner stood a round stone tower, erected in 1840. On the east side was a store filled with goods of every variety, from hunter's paraphernalia and bowie knives, to pretty things for ladies' boudoirs. Latterly this store opened towards the street, an arrangement introduced under the Riel régime, for formerly the east side was closed by a high wall. On the north side the wall was highest, the castellated gateway being in the centre and within the stone house once occupied by the Governor of the Company. Around it were trees and shrubs and a garden of some size. It would be interesting to trace the gradual growth of the village, town and city from this venerable nucleus. But our gaze just now is retrospective, and we leave our readers face to face with this relic of a romantic and often turbulent past.

**LAKE OPENECON** is one of the series of lakes which are links in the Rideau navigation system, consisting of alternate stretches of river, canal and lake,—the Rideau Canal supplying the Gaps from one navigable body of water to the other, and joining the Ottawa River at Ottawa with the St. Lawrence at Kingston. The water highway forms a delightful trip for tourists, passing through a beautiful country offering great variety of scenery. The view we have engraved recalls the Thousand Islands, and is a landscape of singular repose and loveliness.

**THE NAUTILUS SENIOR FOUR.**—The fame of the Nautilus club has extended over the continent. At almost every important regatta held in the last seven years the Nautilus representatives have been present as competitors. It is a club of which Hamiltonians should be proud. There are no social features in connection with the club as there are in the Leanders; but every member knows how to row,



Memorial Tablet to the Men of A Battery who fell in the North-West Rebellion, being erected in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont.



Memorial Tablet to the late Major Short, being erected in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Quebec. (From drawings by Captain Rutherford, R.C.A.)





J. Donohue, *Base*      Chas. Furlong, *No. 2*      J. Blakely, *Vice-President*      D. Irvine, *No. 3*      D. Donohue, *Strike*  
 THE "NAUTILUS FOUR," OF HAMILTON, ONT., AND THEIR TROPHIES.



PAVILION AND WHARF AT OWL'S HEAD, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



and the oarsmen have a happy faculty of getting there at the finish. Last winter it looked as if the club would go under, but a number of gentlemen came to the rescue and subscribed the money to build a new boat-house. The Nautilus came into prominence seven or eight years ago, when Furlong and Donohue became the champion double-scullers of Canada. That same year they won in the same event at the Northwestern regatta. The Nautilus four then became famous, winning the championship of America at Hamilton, at Chautauqua, and again at Boston. In the regatta at Hamilton in 1883 the Nautilus four won easily, defeating the celebrated Winnipeg crew. The former crew was composed of J. Donohue, C. Furlong, D. Irvine and W. Wark. At that regatta J. Donohue rowed against O'Connor and Enright, who were amateurs then, and was beaten. He was sick before the race, and his friends lost a good deal of money on him. Another victory of the Nautilus four was at the National Association regatta at Lake Chautauqua, where they won handily. D. Donohue won the junior single championship at that same regatta. The following year the Nautilus four went to Boston and were again victorious. In 1886 they went to Albany, N.Y., and took part in a regatta there. They were out of practice and were beaten. They did not row in 1887. In 1888 Denny Donohue became a senior, and rowed in the National Association regatta at Sudbury. He rowed a great race, but was beaten at the finish by Psotta, the college oarsman. That same year the old champion four—J. Donohue, C. Furlong, D. Donohue and D. Irvine—got together and regained their lost laurels, winning the Canadian championship at a regatta in Toronto. Last summer the oarsmen of the club added to their victories. At the National Association regatta, held at Pullman, Ill., on August 9, D. Donohue won the senior single championship of America, and the following day he won in the Mississippi Valley regatta. Jerry Donohue, his brother, finished second in both races. At that regatta Jack Lovell, who tried to get to the front several times before, won the junior championship. Lovell has perhaps won more second prizes than any amateur oarsman in the country. On his return from Pullman, D. Donohue won the senior championship at the regatta at Hamilton Beach. The other contestants had no show at all against him. Jerry Donohue finished second. The Nautilus crew, composed of J. Donohue, C. Furlong, W. Wark and D. Donohue, captured the senior fours, although the referee made them row it over again because the Ottawas fouled the Torontos. The Nautilus had a fine junior four entered, but they did not row together until a few days before the regatta, and they did not get to the front. J. Donohue also defeated Curran, of Orillia, in a match race in 1886, and J. Donohue rowed against Grinstead, of Toronto, in the fall of 1888, defeating him easily. Louis Hatzfeld was president of the club for a great many years, and retired in favour of H. J. McAllister, who has done a great deal towards booming the club. Vice-president Blakely, ex-captain, and Captain Malcolmson have also worked hard for the Nautilus. D. Donohue is a young man with plenty of grit, and many of his friends think that he will win higher honours than he has yet won. He is a graceful oarsman, and rows a fine, steady stroke. He is cool, and does not let himself out until he is pushed. He won all his races last summer with hands down. He is very anxious to have another whack at Psotta, whom he thinks he can defeat.—*Com.*

**PAVILION AND WHARF AT OWL'S HEAD, LAKE MEMPHREMACOG.**—Last summer we presented our readers with several views of that Gem of the Eastern Townships, Lake Memphremagog. But the variety of pleasing aspects in which this beautiful sheet of water offers itself to the traveler's admiring gaze is almost infinite. A whole volume of beautiful engravings could be evolved from its enchanting shores. The glimpse of the lake here shown from the slopes of Owl's Head Mountain reveals the majestic expanse of its waters at this point, and the shady woods that frame it in tell of cool retreats from the noonday glare, where one can read a book or dream a dream.

**INDIAN (BLACKFEET) CAMP.**—This is a characteristic group of one of the most interesting of our Indian tribes. The great race of which the Blackfeet are one of the fragments had its original home within our borders, between the two forks of the Saskatchewan. Then a great feud arose, on the death of the head chief in battle with the Assinibouines. The defeated section moving southward in the fall, after the prairies had been burned over, had their mocassins blackened as they fled, and the Crows gave them the name which they have since borne. According to the last report of the Superintendent, the Blackfeet of Treaty No. 7 number 5,725, of whom 5,164 are still pagans.

**"JIM GLUDE."**—The subject of this engraving is a famous Mic-Mac hunter, who has for the past eight years travelled extensively with Sir Charles Alexander, of England, through the Canadian and American North-West and Newfoundland in search of large game. In the Rockies, which they have visited several times, they secured 172 heads in one season. In Newfoundland they have also made some good captures of moose, etc.; visited the latter place six times. "Jim" recently received a letter from his English friend, who may possibly spend a part of this season in Canada in company with the famous hunter. "Jim" is about 48 years of age. He speaks English fairly well, and can tell interesting stories of hunting exploits. His home is in Indian Reserve, about six miles from Shubenacadie Station, N.S. When not engaged with hunting parties he takes short runs through the provinces, and seldom returns without some good trophy of the product of our native forest.

## "The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

By MAY AUSTIN.

### CHAPTER X.

"Never! Never!"

Weeks went by.

At first the house seemed hideously quiet without Rosie's sharp, shrill, querulous voice, her "Hurry! Miss Power, hurry!" Mrs. Melville walked about like a household hearse, enveloped in crape from head to foot; crape even peeped at you from amongst the coils of her uringy hair; the rosette on her tiny shoe was also made of this melancholy material.

Simon Chunk's accustomed form and husky tone were missing from the household. Mrs. Melville said she could never "set eyes on him" again; and, in fact, he was hardly fit for any work. He would fall into silences from which he would issue to iterate those sad sentences uttered on that dreadful day on the beach: "Hold on to me, Miss Rosie, and don't be scared."

How the sad accident had happened Simon Chunk could never clearly tell; but someone on shore had seen the child spring up in the boat, had seen the warning arm outstretched towards her, had seen her fall over, and Simon Chunk jump in after her, and he couldn't swim. The alarm had been given, a boat put out to their rescue, but too late to save the child, as we already know.

Bridget was philosophical in her lamentations.

"I can't sleep of nights now, Miss," she said, confidentially, to Agnes Power. "I hear that pettish little voice forever a-saying 'Hurry! hurry! hurry!' I just go a'most mad with hearing of it; I hopes things will be a-worried mighty quick above, else she won't rest. It's a mercy she's gone, that's what I says, afore she worried half a dozen into a natural grave. It's my firm belief as how the Almighty just saw as there were no happiness in her, always a hacking after one, and so he took her."

The tooth clapped over Bridget's upper lip in commendation.

Agnes reprimanded Bridget somewhat severely, and Bridget bore it with astounding meekness, but as Agnes walked away she could still hear her muttering, "Well, she did worrit awful, and if there's to be rest amongst the angels the Lord had best give her a new tongue at onces."

Things go on day after day, year after year, in the old beaten track, and then one day the ball of change is set rolling, and no one knows where it will stop. But Agnes was astonished at the news imparted to her one day not long after this. Mrs. Melville beckoned her into the library as she passed in the hall from the dusting. There was an expression of suppressed exultation in Mrs. Melville's whole aspect. She sat on the sofa, very straight, very still, with her little hands folded in a way that gave the light full chance of assault on her diamond rings.

"Perhaps you may have noticed, Miss Power, the great interest Dr. Maitland has ever taken in my case?"

Agnes assented, wondering what was to come.

"Well, as you know, sickness brings people together; he has been very kind and considerate, and he is very different to all other men; there is no one else I would have accepted. I have promised to marry him."

Agnes could think of nothing more brilliant to say than "Have you?"

She had an insane desire to laugh; it took all her will to prevent this.

"Yes. You see, Miss Power, it is very pleasing in every way; it will be such a comfort to me to have a doctor in the house as a permanent thing, always ready to relieve my suffering; and then, it is not as if he were a strange doctor, he knows my constitution thoroughly. He wishes to be married at once; of course it will be very quiet on account of my poor little girlie." Here she paused to press her handkerchief for one moment to her eyes. "And I would wish you to be here for the wedding; of course you won't lose by this sudden arrangement, I will advance you a whole month's salary."

The blood beat fast into Agnes Power's face. She drew herself up proudly.

"I could only receive payment for services rendered Mrs. Melville." Then—"I hope you will be happy."

"Thank you, I am sure I shall be; it will be such a comfort to have medical attendance always at hand, and, as I said before, he knows my constitution thoroughly."

She paused, and there seemed nothing more to be said, and Agnes went off to finish her morning duties.

Agnes was much surprised at the way Mrs. Melville's sons accepted the situation. Maxwell, she imagined, might be pleased; he always seemed pleased with whatever his mother did. But Hugo looked at this in the same light as his brother.

"Poor mother," he said, when he spoke of it to Agnes, "it may do her good; give her a new interest in life."

Agnes Power decided not to wait and assist at the wedding, it would give her no pleasure, and she was eager to get home. Besides, she must look about her for something else to do.

She communicated her decision to Mrs. Melville at tea one evening.

Mrs. Melville merely said, "Do just as you think best, Miss Power."

Hugo said nothing, did not even lift his eyes from his plate; but Maxwell broke in petulantly, "How can you be so cruel as to hurry away from us?"

"Naturally, I am anxious to see my home people,"

Agnes answered, but she was pleased at Maxwell's expressed sorrow over her departure.

After tea she strolled into the garden. She felt she had grown almost fond of it. How often she had crept out there, and cried in spirit for freedom. Now that it was so soon to be hers, she could let a feeling of affection for the place pervade her.

She was standing under a chestnut tree, when a slow, firm step on the gravel walk made her start. It was not Maxwell's step, he always came more quickly than this; so she knew it was Hugo even before she saw him, but when she saw him she was surprised at his expression. She had never seen him look like this before. There was a light in his eyes that made hers fall before his glance.

"You are going away, Miss Power, but for that I would not have spoken so soon. Before you go I must speak to you; must tell you that I love you; must ask you to be my wife."

"Your wife!" said Agnes. She was very pale, very contemptuous. "You have no right to speak so to me."

"The greatest right of all—the right of love. Any man has the right to ask the woman he loves to marry him; and your answer, Agnes?"

"Never! never!" she cried.

If he would only look away, it would be so much easier. What was this cold sensation about her heart? She was thinking of Alminere, that was what made her feel so. If he would only go. He did go. He turned abruptly and left her there without another word, and then Agnes threw herself down in the grass and cried.

Life was so different to the dreams of her far-off youth. No wonder that she cried.

### CHAPTER XI.

"I won't accept that."

The day of Agnes Power's departure for home was one of those smoky, grey days that belong to the late autumn.

Maxwell drove her to the station. She recalled her arrival there, the misery of that drive; her going was different, indeed.

Now she was going, she remembered only the pleasantest parts of her stay here. She had not seen Hugo since that interview in the garden; he had left by the next train, with some trivial excuse to his mother and the promise to be present at the wedding a fortnight later.

As she sped homeward in the train, Agnes reviewed the chapter of her life spent at the Melville's. It had been an experience, and all experiences are for our good, give us some gain. She felt that she had lost much of her girlishness, but gained a deeper insight into the beauty of true living. Mrs. Melville's overbearing temper and superficial soul had served to show her how much to be appreciated are the kind hearts and loving thoughts of true friends. And then she thought of Alminere. She had morbidly felt at the time as though she were in a great measure responsible for the girl's sad end; but she had acted from the idea of right, no one could do more than that. Besides, it was always an open question in her mind whether Alminere had carried out her advice or not. The secret of that meeting with Martin lay with him—he spoke no word. Whether he repented of his harshness that sorry day was a secret between himself and his God. He never spoke of the girl, but her grave in the field was the fairest far and near. Sweet-scented flowers and China asters, such as she had loved, flourished above and about it, while white clematis climbed lovingly around the simple cross, carved by his own hand, and holding this short inscription:

"ALMNERE."

"Aged Twenty Years."

Agnes Power's whole being revolted against the man who had caused all this misery. What had made him even more to be despised in her sight was his professed affection for herself, hardly more than a month after the girl he had ruined lay in her unhallowed grave.

Of Maxwell her memories were more than pleasant ones. He had been the pleasantest feature of her life there. He had always been so kind; not only to her, but to all. It showed the sweetness and light of his disposition that a woman, so soured by nature as his mother, was melted into momentary softness beneath the magnetism of his presence.

Agnes was confident she would miss Maxwell. He had ever been so thoughtful of her; considered her happiness in the thousand and one little ways dear to a true woman's soul. The book now in her hand had been his thought for a her comfort. She had one day expressed her longing for a copy of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, "The Lady of La Garaye," and to-day he had brought it to her. She opened it now. Her name was written in small, clear characters on the fly leaf: "From your friend, Maxwell Melville, in memory of many happy hours."

He had a graceful way of doing these trifling things. Trifling things that please women and win the way to their hearts.

Agnes lingered a moment or two over the inscription before she turned to the poem. Maxwell had marked two lines in pencil:

"Give me the music of the accustomed voice,  
And the sweet light of long familiar eyes."

She was still buried in the book when the train reached her home station.

At first she was oblivious to all but the joyful fact that she was once more with her mother. They clung to each other, these two, in the shade of the cab as they drove away from the station, through the brightly lighted, noisy streets of Montreal.

(To be continued.)



ROBERT BROWNING.

Mr. William Sharp has given us the first biography of Browning. We had just been conversing with a friend on the combined power and delicacy of his portraiture of Heine, when the post brought us this latest product of his pen. The work, though necessarily brief—being adapted to the exigencies of the series to which it belongs—shows no sign of hurry, and there is evidence of study and research extending over several years. Like all the volumes of the "Great Writers" series, it is complete, notwithstanding its conciseness, being at once narrative and critical, and being furnished, not only with a full index, but with an admirable bibliography. The latter, which all students of Browning are sure to prize, brings the record down to the period of the poet's death. The opening chapter is devoted to Browning's birth, family and early years. He is said to have once told Mr. Moncreux Conway that his name was originally DeBruni. This may have been a joke. Surely Browning is one of those good old English clan-names of which Manning, Carling, Hemming, Billing or Billings, Canning, Dering, Dunning, and several others that we might mention, are well known instances. The poet who wrote "Oh, to be in England" is English and nothing else. Mr. Sharp weighs and dismisses the evidence for his Jewish descent, and there is just as little reason for ascribing to him an Italian ancestry. The lustrum in which he saw the light gave the world several other great men—Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Darwin, Lepsius, Freiligrath, Alfred de Musset, Wagner, Millet. Elizabeth Barrett was a bright little girl of three years when he who was to make music with her was born. Brilliant lights were then going out, but some of the grandest figures of the century were still in their prime, and some of them lived to recognize Browning's genius. His childhood was a happy one; his education, well adapted to promote the enlargement of his faculties. His father was a man of exceptional powers—a scholar, a poet and an amateur artist. From his mother, a West Indian, he inherited the emotional nature which found expression in his son's passion for music.

Before he was fourteen, Robert Browning "knew the domain of dreams." In Shelley he found a revelation, and thenceforth his poetic development was rapid. He was an eager and thoughtful student of history. At University College he read Greek with Prof. Long. In the fall of 1832 he "wrote a poem of singular promise and beauty, though immature in thought and crude in expression." This was "Pauline." His parents were impressed with it, though his father did not hesitate to point out its lack of polish. It is "a confession, fragmentary in detail but synthetic in range, of a young man of high impulses but weak determination." Mr. Sharp thinks, from a certain over-emphasis and fantastic self-consciousness, that "the author was at the time confused by the complicated flashing of the lights of life." It shows the influence of Greek literature and also of Shelley. Years afterwards it won the warm admiration of D. G. Rossetti, who felt, on reading it, that it was by the author of "Paracelsus." The years immediately following its publication were not productive. The poem just mentioned was not published till the summer of 1835. In selecting Paracelsus for a hero, Browning was "guided by keen sympathy with the scientific spirit—the spirit of dauntless inquiry, of quenchless curiosity, of searching enthusiasm." The poem is the soul-history of the great medical student who began life so brave of aspect and died so miserably at Salzburg; but it is also the history of a typical human soul, which can be read without any knowledge of actual particulars. To the lover of poetry the poem "will always be a Golconda. It has lines and passages of extraordinary power, of a haunting beauty, and of a unique and exquisite charm." Mr. Sharp doubts whether, except "Pippa Passes," Browning ever produced a finer long poem. Yet the *Athenæum* dismissed it with a half contemptuous line or two. John Forster, however, did justice to its great merits, as the Rev. Mr. Fox had already done to those of "Pauline."

In the initial year of the Victorian era, Browning wrote "Strafford" and Macready put it on the stage. Though not faultless—the conception of King Charles being strangely weak—it is, in Mr. Sharp's opinion, a play of remarkable vigour and beauty. Well acted, as in 1886, under the auspices of the Browning Society, its real artistic power, which is apt to escape notice in private reading, is brought to light. He directs attention especially to the second scene of the fifth act, where Strafford is with his children in the Tower, and he knows what, of course, they do not know, that all hope is over and that when he sleeps soundly it will be the sleep of death.

Mr. Sharp reproduces the story of Douglas Jerrold's first acquaintance with "Sordello"—how, being an invalid and forbidden any mental exertion, he had, in his wife's absence, taken up a new book; how, after tasting the forbidden fruit by reading a few lines, he had become alarmed at his failure to understand a word of it, and how, his wife coming in and sympathizing with his obtuseness, he had exclaimed, "Thank God! I am not an idiot!" Browning

often told and enjoyed the story, says Mr. Sharp, though he would never admit any justification for the puzzlement of the Jerrolds. He was, nevertheless, not unaware of the shortcomings of the poem as a work of art, and had at one time even contemplated re-writing it. It has, says Mr. Sharp, "disastrous faults, but is a magnificent failure."

The great "dramatic poems" of Browning, as distinguished from his "poetic plays," are "Pippa Passes," "The Ring and the Book" and "The Inn Album." "The first," says Mr. Sharp, "is a drama of an idea; the second, of the immediate and remote consequences of a single act, and the third of the tyranny of the passions." In "The Ring and the Book," Browning is generally deemed to have reached the zenith of his poetic power. The poem itself, wonderful as it is in many ways, is extremely unequal, though, as Mr. Sharp points out, "in a poem of a dramatic nature, the dramatic properties must be dominant." Even with that proviso, however, he pronounces the sixth Book—Pompilia's narrative—to be "the heart of the whole poem," a "lustrous opal set midway in the 'Ring.'" But we could hardly apply that language to "The Ring and the Book," as compared with Browning's other work, in the sense that therein he reached his highest development, with a gradual rise before and a gradual descent afterwards. To fix such a middle point in Browning's career is not easy, perhaps. Mr. Sharp finds his culmination in his "Men and Women," comprising, however, in that category, not merely the collection so named, but a large number of poems which might be gathered into an imagined volume, entitled "Transcripts from Life"—an anthology which would include "My Last Duchess," "In a Gondola," "The Lost Leader," "Saul," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Evelyn Hope," "Any Wife to Any Husband," "My Star," "A Death in the Desert," "Abt Vogler," "James Lee's Wife," "O Lyric Love," "Pheidippides," and above a hundred other poems and selections. Mr. Sharp has imagined a still more *élite* anthology of thirty-one poems and passages, with the motto

"Man's thoughts and loves and hates—  
Earth is my vineyard—these grew there,"

from the Epilogue to "Pacchiarotto," and to be known as "Flower of the Vine." Without restricting the choice to the smaller or even to the fuller compilation, Mr. Sharp concludes that "it is here, in the worthiest poems of Browning's most poetic period, that \* \* \* his highest greatness is to be sought." Now, as the choice really embraces the poet's whole period of production, it seems to us that it would be wiser to substitute "most poetic moments" or "moods" for "poetic period," and to give up the comparison with either tide or sun course. Of Mr. Sharp's judgment, nevertheless, as to what constitutes the essence of Browning's claim to be accepted as poet and prophet, we say emphatically "set," and we would be glad to see his "Transcripts from Life" in the hands of the public.

The volume which Browning himself brought out in 1872, and which he dedicated to Tennyson, contains the most of them up to that date. That selection is worthy of careful study, from a biographical standpoint, with the poet's words in the Dedication as a clue to its purpose and significance. It is worth mentioning that the friendship between the two supreme poets of our time remained unchanged till death parted them. Lord Tennyson, who in 1872 was addressed by Browning as "in poetry illustrious and consummate," and "in friendship noble and sincere," received on his last birthday (August 6, 1889,) from the same gifted admirer, a letter no less cordial and enthusiastic.

To resume the thread of the biography, Mr. Sharp's seventh chapter is devoted to Elizabeth Barrett and her marriage. Frequent mention is made of a lady in whose life and work Canadians must always take a somewhat melancholy interest. Vice-Chancellor Jameson was for more than twenty years one of the leading figures in the political, professional and social life of Upper Canada. "No one loves him, but every one approves of him," said his wife, in writing to her sister Charlotte, on his promotion. She did not stay long to enjoy his honours.

"They parted, ne'er to meet again." Perhaps, in the case of neither husband nor wife would it be quite appropriate to continue the quotation. Just now we are concerned with a very different union. The generally received story of the first meeting of the Brownings, Mr. Sharp pronounces apocryphal. It was Kenyon who introduced them. "The love between them was almost instantaneous, a thing of the eyes, the mind and heart—each striving for supremacy till all were gratified equally in a common joy." *Jam jam nulla mora est.* Mrs. Jameson, who, on leaving London, had received a note from the invalid deploring inability to bid her good-bye in person, forced, as she was, "to be satisfied with sofa and silence," was not a little startled, shortly after her arrival in Paris, to receive a letter from Robert, saying that "he and his wife" were in the French capital on their way to Italy. Her surprise, says her niece, was almost comical. We need not follow the course of that wedded love—in such contrast with Mrs. Jameson's own experience. Those who knew them well pronounced their happiness perfect. After March 9, 1849, their "own young Florentine" (Robert Wiedemann Barrett) was a source of endless joy and pride to both parents. Twelve short blissful years and Browning was again a lonely man, solaced, however, by a rich treasure of memories and a faith that even death could not conquer. It was in the autumn following his wife's death that he wrote "Prospect":

"I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest."

Had Browning written only that poem and the Invocation—"O Lyric Love," he would not die to remembrance.

In 1866, after his father's death, his sister, Miss "Arianna Browning, had become his companion. Two years later (in 1868) the "Poetical Works of Robert Browning, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford," were issued in six volumes. "Here," writes Mr. Sharp, "the equator of Browning's genius may be drawn. On the further side lie the 'Men and Women' of the period anterior to the 'Ring and the Book'; midway is the transitional zone itself: on the hither side are the 'Men and Women' of a more temperate, if not colder, zone." The final chapter deals with Browning's widowed, as the seventh and eighth deal with his married, life. They are all interesting, but the last especially so, as it contains a good deal of new information touching the poet's life and character.

On the organization of the Browning Society in 1881, the poet wrote the following letter, privately, to Mr. Edmund Yates:

"The Browning Society, I need not say, as well as Browning himself, are fair game for criticism. I had no more to do with founding it than the babe unborn; and, as Wilkes was no Wilkite, I am quite other than a Browningite. But I cannot wish harm to a society of, with a few exceptions, names unknown to me, who are busied about my books so disinterestedly. The exaggerations probably come of the fifty-years long charge of unintelligibility against my books; such reactions are possible, though I never looked for the beginning of one so soon. That there is a grotesque side to the thing is certain, but I have been surprised and touched by what cannot but have been well intentioned, I think. Anyhow, as I never felt inconvenienced by hard words, you will not expect me to wax bumptious because of undue compliments; so enough of 'Browning,' except that he is yours very truly, 'while this machine is to him.'"

In his later years, the poet's home was first at Warwick Crescent, and subsequently at 29 De Vere Gardens, Kensington Gore, but every year he went abroad to France and Italy, and once or twice on a yachting trip to the Mediterranean. "The crowning happiness of a happy life was his death in the city he loved so well, in the arms of his dear ones, in the light of a world-wide fame." The silence came upon him suddenly, calmly, and without terrors. "Death! death! It is this harping on death I despise so much," Mr. Sharp heard him say not very long since—"this idle and often cowardly and ignorant harping! Why should we not change like everything else? \* \* \* For myself, I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead."

We have, in following Mr. Sharp's narrative, been forced to pass by much that we would gladly reproduce, if the exigencies of our space permitted. In the biography there is a rich store of *memorabilia*; in the criticism, no lack of guidance and suggestion. We hope we have sufficiently interested our readers to send them to the book itself, which they can procure for a trifle at Mr. Picken's here or Messrs. Gage & Co.'s, Toronto. With its full and careful Bibliography (the work of Mr. Anderson, of the British Museum), its evidence of conscientious study, and its well authenticated facts, from first-hand sources, the book may be confidently recommended both to the novice and the expert in Browning's poetry. While to the former it will serve as a trustworthy introduction to the life and works of the poet, the latter will find it a welcome addition to his stock of Browning lore. It is made still more valuable by the abundance of apt quotation with which Mr. Sharp illustrates and confirms his criticism. London: Walter Scott.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Mourn, Italy, with England mourn, for both  
He sang with song's discriminating love,  
Thy towers that flash the wooded crag above:  
Thy treasured vineyard's purple overgrowth;  
Thy matin balm: thy noonday's pleasing sloth;  
Thy convent bell, dim lake, and homeward dove;  
Thine evening star, that through the bowered alcove  
Silvers the white flight of the circling moth  
He sang thy best and worst—false love, fierce war,  
Renaissance craft, child graces, saintly art.  
Old pumps from "Casa Guidi Windows" seen.  
There he happy: there that minstrel queen,  
Who shared his poet crown but gladdened more  
To hold, unshared, her poet's manly heart.

AUBREY DE VERR in the April Century

"LITTELL'S LIVING AGE."

This fine eclectic weekly continues to be without rival for the excellence of its selections. The very cream of the European periodical press is found in its pages. In the last few numbers we have had the articles of greatest current and permanent interest, from the foremost quarterlies and monthlies: Mr. Gladstone's contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* on "Books, and the Housing of Them;" the remarkable article, "On Justice," from the *Nineteenth Century*; the "Centenary of White's 'Selborne,'" from the *National*; "Curiosities of Schoolboy Wit," from *Longman's*; "The Anonyma," from *Temple Bar*; that much discussed production of ex-Sergeant Palmer, "A Battle Described from the Ranks" (*Nineteenth Century*); the answer given by Mr. W. L. Courtney to that grave question, "Can there be a Science of Character?" (*National Review*); M. Emile de Laveleye's definition of and comments on "Communism," and a variety of other entertaining and valuable reading matter. *Littell's Living Age*, which is now in its 185th volume, is published by Messrs. Littell & Co., 31 Bedford street, Boston.





INDIAN CAMP, BLACKFOOT RESERVE, NEAR CALGARY, ALBERTA.

(Wm Notman & Son, photo )



A BLACKFOOT FAMILY.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



## MAG'S CHILDREN.

The branches of the chestnut trees are swaying in a March wind, patches of snow linger still in odd corners and cling to the sheltered side of the cathedral roof. If you look in through the latticed belfry you can see the great bells, hanging silent as the wind rushes by. Down below, where two ways meet, long streams of people mingle and separate again. One street leads to the bay, where the winter sunshine strikes coldly; down the other a fiery sunset is reddening the city smoke. The cathedral stands within an iron fence, along which are ranged large chestnut trees. It is in the heart of the city. All around are dull warehouses. Along the streets are passing continually jingling street cars, heavy drays and crowds of busy people. Under the chestnut trees stands a boy watching the passers-by. Often his attention is attracted by the newsboys who throng round this corner. With them is a girl, her voice rising shrill above the others in the various paper cries. The cathedral bells strike the hours one by one. The trade in papers slackens. The last newsboy goes off calling "Good night, Mag!" to the girl, who turns up the street by the cathedral. She is passing the solitary figure in the shadow of the trees, when the boy takes a doubtful step forward. She stops.

"Aren't you going home?"

The boy shakes his head.

"Why not?"

"I haven't any home here."

"Don't you live here?"

"I came on the train this afternoon with a man who was to take me to my uncle, but he had gone away. The man said he would find him and left me here."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," said the boy forlornly.

"What's your name?"

"Robert Carr."

They stood looking at each other. The electric light, shining through the chestnut boughs, threw flying lights and shadows on their faces.

"Well, suppose you come home with me. You can stay with us to-night. Come on."

They had gone but a few steps when the chimes rang the three-quarters.

"A quarter to ten!" said Mag. "My! won't Jule and Sammy be lonely. Let's run."

They ran a little way up the street, turned along a dark alley and stopped before a dingy house, then went in and climbed to the attic.

Mag opened the door and Bob stood back, while a boy and girl came rushing out to welcome her. In one corner of the room stood a crib bed and on the floor beside it was a mattress. A small fire burned in the grate, and near the fire was a table, on which a candle shone dimly.

"Sammy, you'll eat your supper in bed if you don't be good. Baby, stop pulling sister's hair. Don't stare at visitors. This is Mr. Robert Carr. Shake hands."

Sammy thrust his hands into his pockets, so far that one came out at a hole half way down.

"What a swell! Look at his boots, Jule."

Jule looked shyly at Bob from behind her sister. Then, encouraged by a smile, held out her hand.

"Now, you and Sammy make some toast while I set the table." Mag unrolled a bundle which she had carried wrapped in a newspaper. It was a loaf of bread. When supper was ready they began to eat merrily. Then the short candle flickered out and they went to bed in the dark.

Robert Carr was an orphan. On the death of his parents, he had been sent to an uncle living in Canada. The man in whose care he was had left him, as we have seen at the cathedral corner, promising to return.

The next morning Bob told his story to the children, saying as he finished, "What will I do now?"

"He was a bad 'un. He didn't mean to come back," said Mag, shaking her head. "Do you think you could sell papers?"

"Yes, I think I could."

"He would spoil his fine clothes," said Sammy. "Did you ever see a newsboy with no holes in his boots?"

Mag looked at him gravely.

"I guess I'll go and see Peter Flannigan. He'll be sure to think of something."

Mag went out and came back presently with a suit of Peter's clothes.

"Peter says to wear these and he'll take you to a good place for selling papers."

It was still early when they reached the cathedral corner, where they met Peter. Bob recognised him as one of the newsboys he had seen the day before.

"Good morning, Mr. Carr. You look like an old friend a great deal better than new. I never knowed before how well I looked myself."

Peter went up to the city every morning to catch the business men on their way down town.

"It's a good paying place, besides letting you see a little high life. I know an illegant corner with never the shoe of a newsboy near it. I'll leave you there and call for you again on my way down town."

At first Bob was backward, but soon he learned to call his papers and jump on the passing street cars. His shyness had worn off by the time that Peter came back. The day passed quickly after that. The trade in papers was brisk. One lady bought a paper from Bob, saying to her companion, "Such a gentlemanly little fellow. I just got

it to have him look at me with those sweet eyes." Bob blushed, then laughed gaily with the others.

So day followed day, full of work. Sometimes the children would do well. Sometimes nothing would be left from supper, and they would have to sell papers before breakfast the next morning.

The March winds blew away and April came in smiling. The streets grew dusty, and one day Sammy told them with glee that he had washed himself at a watering cart. The days were long and hot. Sometimes thunder clouds would gather and a heavy shower cool the air. Then it was as sultry and dusty as ever.

The children all felt the heat, but Bob suffered the most. His face got pale and thin, and his eyes looked sadly out from beneath his ragged hat. The novelty of selling papers had worn off. He watched the passers-by eagerly thinking that surely some day he would find his uncle.

On two sides of the cathedral ran busy streets, but at the back was a street where life moved slowly. Old houses, once grand mansions, now deserted, grew dingier year by year. Now and then an errand boy with his cart would use it as a short cut. After he had driven by, his shrill whistle and the rattle of the wheels echoed slowly away as if loth to leave the place to its silent dullness. Part of the cathedral grounds had once been used as a graveyard. It was years now since anyone had been buried there. The long grass had grown over the gravestones, some of which were lying prostrate, while others leaned sideways in gloomy dejection. Bob had chanced along here one day and had taken a fancy to the place. He liked to hold the bars of the iron fence in his hot hands and look through at the green grass and the gravestones. One near the fence had leaned over towards it and Bob could make out some of the words.

"Reginald"—the green moss had crept over the rest. A little further down—"12 years." At the foot of the stone was—"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

He remembered reading it with his mother, her hand guiding his finger. The words repeated themselves over—"Suffer little children to come unto me, to come unto me," bringing back with vivid distinctness his mother's face and scenes that had almost faded from his memory.

One hot afternoon in August, when no one wanted papers, Bob came to this secluded corner. It seemed cooler there,—whether it was the green grass or the quiet of the place, the sun's rays did not burn so fiercely. Bob slid down beside the iron fence, holding the bars and resting his head on one of his hands.

That afternoon Mag met her Sunday School teacher, Miss Pasmer, who gave her three tickets for one of the parks near the city. Mag's cheeks flushed with pleasure. She watched Miss Lucy out of sight, then ran home to tell the others. She made up her mind on the way that Bob must take the children. A sail on the lake would do him good. She came to the quiet street by the cathedral and glanced along. Surely that was Bob?

"Is that you, Bob?"

He turned his face towards her and smiled.

"What are you looking at?"

Bob pointed at the stone.

"It is a little boy's grave, Mag, and the children's verse is on his gravestone."

"Is it?" said Mag, slowly. "Read it, Bob."

Bob repeated it reverently.

"Isn't it nice here, Mag? So quiet."

"Yes," said Mag absently, then suddenly remembering.

"Oh, Bob! Miss Lucy has given us three tickets for you and Sammy and Jule to go for a sail on the lake."

"But, Mag, you should go."

"No! I shouldn't. I have been often and often and I always get sick. Now you go and tell the others. I'll stay here and get cool."

Mag was left alone to gaze through the bars at the graves. It was so quiet and the grass was so green. An elm tree cast a soft shade over the grass. Mag, with her face pressed against the bars, repeated—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Her eyes filled with tears. It would be a good place to sleep on the grass in the shade of the elm tree. The cathedral chimes began to play. 1, 2, 3, 4. The quick bells seemed to be chasing each other. 1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2, 3, 4; and again, 1, 2, 3, 4. Then the great bell struck slow and deep. Mag counted the strokes as they fell. "Five!" She counted "Five!" And springing up, she ran away to sell papers.

The next morning great preparations were going on in a house in the suburbs. Miss Lucy lived here, and a private picnic was coming off that day. On a verandah at the back of the house was Miss Lucy on her knees before a hamper packing away provisions. A maid was handing her the different parcels, and endeavouring, at the same time, to keep an eye on Master Jack and Miss Mabel, Miss Lucy's nephew and niece. A few minutes before they had coaxed Aunt Lucy to give them some cake. Now they were chasing the cat, who took refuge in the top of an apple tree. A moment's quiet, then from a distant part of the garden came in a shrill treble:

"Aunt Lucy, Aunt Lucy, is Mr. Carr coming this afternoon?"

"Yes, Mabel."

"Aren't you glad, Aunt Lucy?"

"Mabel, when you wish to speak to me you should come near me and speak gently, and not shout like that."

In a wonderfully short space of time the question was repeated breathlessly by her side.

"Are you glad, Aunt Lucy?"

"I am pleased, Mabel, that Mr. Carr will see our beautiful lake."

"Hasn't he ever seen the lake, Aunt Lucy?"

"Yes, but he has never been on it yet. Now run away. I must get this packing done."

Mr. Carr met them later on board the steamer. Mabel looked at him wisely from her aunt's side. Their seats were far up in the bow. The boat starts, the blue waves dance and the paddle wheels dash them into foam. A cool breeze is blowing from the lake and brings the colour into Bob's pale cheeks. The children are sitting in the stern. Peter and Mag waved good-bye from the wharf, and now every turn of the paddle wheels brought a new delight—a white cloud floating far above them and casting a shadow on the steamer's deck, a gull swooping down to the water, or a tug ploughing its way through the waves. They reached the park. Then there was a rush over the gangway and up the long wharf to the green meadows. How delightful it was racing down the hollows or playing hide-and-go-seek among the trees!

In the city Peter and Mag have separated long ago after coming from the wharf, and have met again a dozen times in the streets. Peter fancies that Mag is quiet and wonders what she is thinking about.

The afternoon seems long to Mag, who is tired. When she buys the evening papers she smiles to herself, thinking that the children will be at tea. She is crossing the street when suddenly she hears a shout and then a dreadful crash. She wonders what it is. Sees a face, recognises one of her customers, and holds out a paper with a smile, then falls in a little huddled heap at his feet. Some one takes her into a drug store to wait for the ambulance. When they reach the hospital she is carried in gently. Over the door she notices the words, "I was sick and ye visited me." In some dim way Mag connects them with another verse, and the house doctor, bending over her, hears her murmur, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Mag opening her eyes finds herself in a bed in a quiet ward. Opposite her are great windows looking out to the sky. The afternoon sun sends long rays of light into the room. A cool breeze comes in at the open windows and blows softly on her face. The stillness is broken only by the footfall of the nurse as she passes from bed to bed. Mag watches her until the nurse, looking up, comes quickly to her.

"Do you know where you are, my dear?"

"In the hospital."

"You are not frightened, are you?"

"Oh, no; not when you are here. What time is it?"

"Almost six. What is it, dear?" she added, noticing the tears in Mag's eyes.

"My children! What will become of my children?"

"Tell me about them." And kneeling beside the bed, the nurse half lifted Mag in her arms.

At five o'clock the children went to Miss Lucy, who was talking to a gentleman. Bob thought that he looked like his father.

"This is a brother and sister of one of my Sunday School scholars, Mr. Carr, and this little boy's—"

But before she could say Bob's name, he sprang forward.

"Uncle, uncle, don't you know me?"

Mr. Carr looked at Bob's eager face, then caught him in his arms. "My dear boy, where have you been?"

Bob poured out his story, while Miss Lucy listened in silent astonishment. When Bob had finished, Mr. Carr turned to Miss Lucy.

"This is my nephew, whom I lost last winter. He will be your nephew, too," he added in a whisper. Miss Lucy blushed and bent down to kiss Bob. What a feast they had! What a friendship Jack and Mabel struck up with the children! Then came the sail home when the sun was going down. Peter was waiting at the wharf. He took hold of the children as soon as they crossed the gangway. Mr. Carr said:

"I will help you with the children, Peter."

Bob had told him who it was.

"No, Mag's hurt. I am going to take care of the children for Mag. Don't cry, Jule, I'll take care of you."

"Did you say Mag was hurt?" cried Miss Lucy. Peter nodded. After he told them what had happened, it was decided that Mr. Carr would take the children to see Mag, while Miss Lucy went home with Jack and Mabel.

"It will be better, Lucy; then you can come to see Mag afterwards."

Mag was lying quiet, when, looking up, she saw Mr. Carr and the children standing at the door. The nurse met them.

"I am glad that you have come, sir, with the children. I have seen you with Miss Pasmer," she added.

"Yes. I am Bob's uncle."

"Are you indeed, sir? Mag will be so pleased."

Mag held out her arms with a smile as they came up the ward. The children stood beside her bed in the red glow of the sunset and heard her voice, as in a dream, telling them that she was going away.

"I was sorry at first, but God will take care of you; and children be good, be good always, and keep together. Take care of Sammy and Jule, Peter, and be kind to Jule, Sammy."

She kissed them good-bye, then the nurse led them away. Mr. Carr took Mag's hand in both his. "I want to thank you, Mag, for being so kind to Bob. Miss Lucy is going to be my wife and we promise to take care of the children for your sake, Mag."

"Thank you, sir," she said simply. "Give my love to Miss Lucy. Good-bye."



When the nurse came back, Mag was looking steadfastly at the beautiful sky. A fitful breeze stirred the tree tops. The evening star was shining alone. The nurse sat down beside her bed. Before long another star came out. Mag drew a long breath.

"It had shone so long alone, and it looked so kind. Won't you lift me up in your arms the way you did before. Don't go away again."

"No, dear."

Mag sighed contentedly and the lines of pain in her forehead relaxed. The nurse began to repeat verses from the Bible in a low voice. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me."

"That is Jesus who will be with me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Now say, 'Suffer the little children—'"

Presently she fell asleep and the nurse laid her down on the pillow. She woke with a start. "He is waiting for me, don't you see. Good-bye." She lifted her arms with a cry of joy.

There was no sound in the room; but the wind, that had for the last hour been still, suddenly swept through the trees. The great silent heavens were set thick with shining stars, and through the open windows came the distant music of the cathedral bells.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

### ARTISTIC LICENSE.

Ruskin has said that an artist must move the features of a landscape into artistic relation with the same freedom that a chess-player moves a "castle," and Ruskin spoke with authority, for well has it been said that it belongs to photography to simply reproduce, the artist creates.

To differ with so profound a critic were venturesome, did there not exist a truism which, in its radical sweep, includes even the dictum of this master. We are told "it's the exception proves the rule." Then, by differing, we agree with all the liberties claimed for the pencil. And on this ground alone would it be possible to dispute the correctness of the production of the Knight of the Brush, who, years ago, stood to his easel awaiting the inspiration that comes to the faithful worshipper of Chroma.

That his labours were not in vain is evinced, for his finished work was soon accepted and well hung. Time rolls on, and yet not alone the æsthete, but even the passing plebe, gazes on this effort. It is not reserved for the dingy display of any Gallery.

Those who visit Ottawa and are attracted by the magnificent Chaudière Falls, and, to view it best, stroll across the Suspension Bridge, by turning the eyes for a moment to the sturdy columns which do service as supporters to the graceful bending cables of this structure, may still see the production which calls forth this supersensitive criticism. The background is white and the treatment might be called severe. The following sketch was taken on the spot:

"ANY PERSON OR PERSONS RID-  
ING OR DRIVING OVER THIS BRIDGE AT A FASTER RATE THAN A WALK....."

### FALSE TASTE IN DRESS.

As was to be expected, a paper lately read before the British Association by Mrs. Carmichael Stopes on "Errors in Women's Dress" was warmly received, and formed the starting point of an animated discussion. In this paper the fallacies approved by women in regard to dress were divided into two classes: those which merely infringed the laws of art, convenience, or sense, and those which left their mark in permanent injury. The former divisions comprised a host of ungainly fashions and so-called improvers, as crinolines, lengthy trains, tight sleeves, and the like, the latter such mischievous devices as the high heel and the tight corset. As a consequence of their use healthy exercise and even free movement were, said Mrs. Stopes, impossible; uncleanness and infection clung to the trailing skirts, walking on high heels became a mitigated hobble and strained the whole body, and grace, when enclosed in whalebone, a synonym of perverted development and consequent ill-health in which posterity claimed a share. In the discussion which followed, the practice of tight lacing received a principal share of attention. There were several avowed champions of the corset, evidently more or less under the impression that the dangers of tight lacing had been exaggerated. The balance of medical opinion, of course, supported an opposite view, and this was fortified by the president's experience of injury done to the viscera, and actually traceable to persistence in this disfiguring custom. Such questions as these are not of a kind to be settled in the course of a few academic discussions. The clue to their true method of solution was suggested by the lecturer when she referred to a pernicious dress custom as a falsification of truth. It is the dislike to simplicity, the hankering after showy, though false, ideals, which are mainly accountable for the patience of women under the deforming yoke of fashion. Their emancipation, therefore, cannot be the work of a day. It will not be brought about by the warnings of experience alone. The process of training must go deeper, and act on taste by affecting the mortal sense on which it is moulded.—*Lancet*.

### OVER THE ICE.

Over the ice with a curving swing,  
With a wheeling sweep like a bird a-wing,  
A dream of beauty and matchless grace  
With sparkling eyes and a bright fair face  
And a heart as light as her tossing curls,  
Queen of the winter—fairest of girls.  
The skirl of two tiny steel-shod feet,  
A poem of motion wondrous fleet;  
A swaying figure in every line  
Quick with a supple grace divine,  
A luring vision of poesy  
Hither and thither, swift and free  
Over the ice.

Over the ice with a measured stride,  
In a long, long roll of manly pride,  
Bending with easy skill that spurns  
The snowy flakes at the sharper turns,  
With cunning toe and skilful heel  
Tracing through spin, and loop, and wheel,  
Checking the gleaming surface o'er  
With flowing figures in varied score—  
King of the winter—in muscled prime  
Hither and thither with cadenced time,  
With iron nerve and a fearless heart  
Glancing safe in his practised art  
Over the ice.

Over the ice—in united strength,  
To and fro o'er its polished length,  
In smoothest measure that chimes and blends  
The tiny "twos" with the "number tens,"  
Through "outside edge," and "roll," and "eight,"  
Tangling two in a single fate  
Hearts that flutter and proudly beat  
Chiming true with the clinking feet;  
Blades that are carving one destiny  
Blent in the graceful tracery,  
Braving the fate—that plans a fall  
Sudden and awful—and spreads e'en all  
Over the ice.

ED. W. SANDYS.

### AN OLD ROMANCE.

A bar of an old-fashioned waltz!  
A glance at a faded dress;  
What is it that wakes in my heart  
These echoes of tenderness?

When that was the waltz of the hour  
That dress in its pride and glow  
Of shimmering azure and pearl  
A seven of summers ago,

Sweet eyes used to gaze in my eyes  
Light fingers would clasp my own,  
And a soft voice fell on my ears  
In a tremulous undertone.

The face and the fingers I touch,  
The voice in its music is here,  
But Romance is a delicate moth,  
Which lives—just the sweet of a year.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

### MARCH FLOWERS.

Far away a cottage stands,  
Sun and wind have browned it;  
Far you'll go o'er sea and land,  
Ere you will have found it.

Primroses, all sweet and bright,  
Violets of purple blue,  
Daisies, with their ruff of white  
Round the hearts of golden hue,  
Daffodils of brightest gold,  
Snowdrops delicate and fair,  
Grow around that cottage old,  
Now March winds are there.

Naught care they for saucy winds  
In their sheltered places,  
For the springtime's sunlight shines  
On their lovely faces.

### SUNSET.

Weary and panting from his futile race  
'Gainst swifter flying hours, at earth's extreme  
The day throws down his glowing length, and stream  
And float his tinted garments in a haze  
Of purple, gold, and crimson; and there raise,  
And darker hang against the golden gleam,  
The clouds of his hot breath. Then to a dream  
Of swifter race the morrow falls; from grays  
And glooms of the cool forest night comes on,  
And o'er him throws her star-gemmed mantle dark,  
The winds sing through the tree-tops lullaby,  
And sound he sleeps until the rose-clad dawn  
Comes swiftly o'er the hills; and herald lark  
Wakes him with song to fruitless rivalry.

Ottawa.

J. ERNEST MACPHERSON.

### TICONDEROGA.

One summer night I visited this most historic of all our historic places, this most romantic of all our ruins, and watched the night out seated upon its crumbled walls or wandering along its mounded ramparts. The moon was at its full, and its white ghostly light gave fitting illumination to the spot where so many in other years had fought and died. I doubt if any, even the dullest, might be so placed and not have both memory and imagination quickened. As for myself, I will confess that night and its emotions remain after a quarter of a century of time as clearly and impressively engraved on my memory as the features of my mother's face. To me as to the red men Ticonderoga was a name of nature, suggestive of mellow sounds, for to my ears, through the damp air of dewy upland and foggy river, there came the murmur of rapids and the voices of the waters of the falls mellowed by the distance. Then came the memory of later times,—of war and battles,—and I heard the measured fall of sentinel feet; the hourly call from angle unto angle; and caught the gleam of cannon on the ramparts and of stacked arms and long lines of blanketed forms sleeping on the warm turf beyond the glacis. Below me on the pallid waters I saw canoes come noiselessly out of distance and into distance go as noiselessly. To the angle of the wall nigh where I sat Montcalm came and on it seated himself. Soon De Levis joined him, then Bourlamaque with Bougainville. And last of all Marin, the scout, the only rival in skill and courage that Rogers and Putnam ever had, and who saved the latter from the stake, even when the fagots were on fire around him. Together in low tones they talked of France and loved ones; of battles fought and won; of comrades dead or distant; of perils past and perils yet to come. Then round them gathered their great foes: Lord Howe—who in the field matched the younger Pitt in the cabinet, whose virtues made him envied at death, over whose lifeless form the rough Putnam sobbed like a girl, and the largest army England ever marshalled in America stood appalled at its loss; Abercrombie, the incompetent, to whom Montcalm lifted his chapeau in derision; Amherst, cautious, persistent, brave, with the laurels of Louisbourg on his brow; Campbell of Inverawe mysteriously fated unto death; Rogers, the great scout—the only scout of fame who after Lexington loved the King of England better than his country; Arnold, Townshend, Lyman, Johnson, Montgomery, Gates, Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, Stark, and Putnam—all came as to a familiar place and stood before me making such a group of fame, as history cannot equal at any other citadel or ancient battle plain save one—Quebec.

Then came the dawn and with it the rush of feet, the sharp click of a firelock at the postern, and the stentorian voice of Ethan Allen demanding of Laplace that the fortress be surrendered to him, speaking "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress."—*Murray's "Lake Champlain and its Shores."*

### THE RICHELIEU.

The Richelieu—all unknown as it is to the average American—is a marvel among rivers. There is, perhaps, no other river on the globe of equal length that can match it with traditions so potent to quicken the imagination or a history so closely connected with the progress of the human race. To the red man it was known as the Rivière aux Iroquois, so called from Labrador to Lake Huron, because the savage Iroquois used it as the great highway of their hostile forays into the North. In the skin tent of the Esquimaux, in the bark wigwam of the Montagnais at the mouth of the Saguenay, in the great Indian villages of Lake Huron, and in the buffalo-skin tepee of the Western Indians, this river was called by one and the same name—the name of their dreaded foes, that no distance intimidated and no opposition appalled. There was no river on the continent that had so wide a fame before the white man came as this stream which delivers the waters of Lake Champlain into the St. Lawrence.

Then came the white man. French ambition built its eyrie on the lofty and bald promontory of Quebec. Dutch commerce centred its growing trade on Manhattan Island, and the Puritans laid the foundations of a commonwealth around Massachusetts Bay. And for two hundred years this water-course became the great highway between the hostile forces thus gathered at the North and the South. Great armies, year after year, toiled up and floated down its stream. Health and sickness, the wounded and the well, the living and the dying, came and went on its current. Between its verdant banks, first of white men who ever saw them, came Champlain. Then follow Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe, Arnold, Montgomery, Schuyler, Sullivan, Carlton, Dieskau, Johnson, Putnam, Rogers, and all the great chiefs and scouts of the old wars. All these with their thousands and tens of thousands of followers, titled and unknown alike, came and went with the years along this stream. The great Richelieu and the greater Pitt, kings, generals of fame and noted diplomats, have all studied intently the rude maps on which this little waterway was traced, as men study the cause and course of war, and the way to victory and empire.—*W. H. Murray*.

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.

Every one must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around; and most of us can, as we choose, make of this world either a palace or a prison.



## What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is the first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAIN NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH NOR ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

**HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., LL.D.,**  
Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

**THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,**  
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

**PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,**  
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington Street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.

## CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

## OLD BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.

With the view of reviving the somewhat languishing art of book illustration, Mr. Felix Joseph has just presented to the Corporation of Nottingham, for the use of their Castle Museum, a collection of early English drawings of more than every day interest and value. During the latter half of the last and the early part of the present century book illustrating was an elegant and lucrative employment, much in vogue among Royal Academicians, members of the old Water Colour Society, and others. Of late years, however, it has fallen into decay. The gift in question consists of some 200 exquisite designs, in sepia principally, for such works as "Sir Charles Grandison," "The Invisible Spy," "Don Quixote," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Paradise Lost," and "Paradise regained," "Fatherless Fanny," etc. The drawings which are in a perfect state of preservation, comprise the works of Thomas Stothard, R.A., Richard Westall, R.A., W. M. Craig, Smirke, R.A., Richard Corbould, Thomas Uwins, R.A., William Westall, A. R.A., S. Wale, R.A., Wright, J. P. Neale, and many others of that elegant school of early English painters. With this addition to the already existing works by Stothard and Smirke, also presented to the same place by Mr. Felix Joseph, the Nottingham Castle Museum now possesses a collection which should give an impetus to the art of book illustration in the future.

## RARE PORCELAIN.

Lady Charlotte Schreiber, who will be remembered as Lady Charlotte Guest, the distinguished amateur collector of old English porcelain and earthenware, who presented her fine historical collection to the South Kensington Museum, has now dispersed the remainder of her ceramic treasures by the sale at Christie's on Tuesday and Wednesday last. They brought fairly good prices. A Dresden chocolate pot, painted with Chinese subjects,



JIM GLODE, THE MIC MAC HUNTER.

sold for £21; and another, with medallions of classical subjects, and borders with Chinese figures, for £22 11s. 6d.; a Hague plate, with pink trellis in gilt spiral lines, and two others, for £5 15s.; a white Doccia figure of the Listening Slave—£10 10s.; a Spanish porcelain group of a lady and an artist painting her portrait, 5½ in. high, marked with the fleur de lis impressed—£12.

The Canadian hen is doing her duty. The official statistics show that during 1889, Canada exported over fourteen million dozen eggs, amounting to \$2,159,510 in value. Canada should abolish the beaver as the national emblem and put the hen in his place. The beaver is supposed to be the emblem of industry but he cannot compare with the modest and painstaking hen. Neither can the baldheaded American eagle put any airs over the Canadian hen, for while the Canadian hen is busy all the time the American eagle does nothing but perch up on the constitution and blink its eyes at the British lion. The people of Canada should be proud of their Shanghais and Brahamapootras, and instead of erecting statues to deceased politicians they should put up a monument to perpetuate the virtues of the Canadian hen. She is a credit to her species.—*Dundas Banner*.

## HUMOUROUS.

MISS TEEHEE (fishing for a compliment): Do you think I am so very old?" Mr. Blundering (anxious to please): No, indeed! You are not half so old as you look.

"I don't see the bell," said a handsome woman at the front door of a house to an Irishman shovelling coal. "Faith, ma'am, an ye wud, though, av ye were to luck in the glass."

A WOMAN entered a provision shop and asked for a pound of butter, "an' look ye here, guidman," she exclaimed, "see an' gie me it guid, for the last pound was that bad I had to gie't awa' to the wife next door."

STREET CAR EPISODE.—Diminutive Chap (rising): Take my seat, miss. Young Lady:

Thank you, little boy. You may sit on my lap. Diminutive Chap (in a deep bass voice): My daughter over there wouldn't like it, miss. [Young lady faints.]

A LITTLE three-year-old, in the absence of the person who said grace at the table, thought she would take his place, and, asking the family to bow their heads, said:—"Oh Dod, take me to Heaven when you want me, and the rest when you get ready for them. Amen."

SALES LADY: Really, madam, the vases in brighter colours are less artistic. This piece of Royal Worcester is the finest thing we have. The Worcester colours are the very best. Mrs. Caldron: You can't tell me anything about Worcester! I've lived there all my life.

TIT FOR TAT.—Captain Pullem (having just effected a "swop" with his friend): Now, I'll be straight with you, old man. That horse you've got from me is a bit of a crib-biter! Friend: Oh, don't mention it, old chap. You'll find mine to be a confirmed runaway!

WELL MODELLED BUT NOT MEDITATIVE.—Artist (to agriculturist): Possibly your knowledge of art is a trifle limited? Agriculturist: Mebbly; but I know suthin' 'bout cows. Artist: Isn't the cow well drawn? Agriculturist: Drawed good 'nough, but b' gosh! she ain't chewin' her cud.

SOCIAL ECONOMY.—Mrs. Scrooge: I'm writing to ask the Browns to meet the Joneses here at dinner, and to the Joneses to meet the Browns. We owe them both, you know." Mr. Scrooge: But I've heard they've just quarrelled, and don't speak! Mrs. Scrooge: I know. They'll refuse, and we needn't give a dinner party at all!

Those who see so much good in a temperance way in high license will be gratified that it has been adopted in Siam, where the people, Mahometans as well as common Pagans, are addicted to the use of the liquor the Chinese make from rice called "sam-shoc." It is full of fusel oil, but the Siamese like it next to opium. Prohibition had been attempted, but had failed. There are some points of similarity between those Orientals and civilized people and Christians.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## SUBURBAN SERVICE

BETWEEN

# MONTREAL AND VAUDREUIL.

Commencing May 1st, 1890.

Trains will LEAVE Montreal, Windsor Street Station, as follows:—  
FOR VAUDREUIL and ST. ANNE'S—9.30 a.m., \*12.30 p.m., \*6.15 p.m. and 8.45 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

## ON SATURDAYS.

9.30 a.m., \*1.30 p.m., \*6.15 p.m., 8.45 p.m. and \*11.20 p.m.

Trains will ARRIVE Windsor Street Station:—  
7.45 a.m., \*8.50 a.m., \*2.25 p.m. and 7.55 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

## ON SATURDAYS.

7.45 a.m., \*8.50 a.m., \*6.03 p.m., 7.55 p.m. and \*11.05 p.m.

Commutation and season tickets issued at very low rates.

Time tables and further information may be obtained at

## TICKET OFFICES:

No. 266 St. James Street, Montreal,

And at Stations.

Trains marked (\*) stop at intermediate stations, other trains stop at Montreal Junc., St. Anne's and Vaudreuil only.



## HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 20, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

### ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

### DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year: 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

### A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1889.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.